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RUSSIAN CARRIAGES.

In Russia, besides the ordinary trains or sledges which are used for travelling during the long and severe winter, the people employ nearly all the vehicles which are known to the rest of Europe—in the great cities the upper circles of society are every day adopting more and more the habits of the French and Germans. The truly national Russian carriages are generally small and uncovered, the traveller sits alone, and the driver occupies a position in the front.

Among the vehicles most commonly employed, and which are the most remarkable in form, are three, represented in our engravings, namely—the droski, the teleka, and the kabitka.

The droski is a species of tilbury—very low, and very narrow. The officers of the guard and aristocratical young gentlemen chiefly make use of these vehicles, and in the fashionable quarters of Moscow and St. Petersburg they may be seen whirling along at the fashionable hour. They are ordinarily drawn by one horse, strongly built, and gaily harnessed; although some of the gallant Russians add a

gallop on either side. Some sledges have a roof or hood over them, but the majority are open, like a chaise or gig. In the country the horses are decorated with bells, but in the towns this is not allowed, in consequence of the intolerable noise the use of such ornaments would occasion. The Russian couriers are perhaps the most enduring and hardworking class of men to be found in Europe. Seated on a board covered with a thick leathern cushion, in a wooden vehicle, without springs or back to lean against, and on a level with the traces, the courier travels at full gallop over the most wretched roads, without rest or repose, to Odessa, to Chiva, or even to Port St. Peter and St. Paul, 12,800 versts from St. Petersburg. Add to this, that the courier, so long as he is on Russian ground, is forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to close an eye in sleep. On such tremendous journeys as the last referred to, nature becomes at last too powerful for duty to resist her call, and the harassed courier allows himself brief repose. But it has often occurred that when the despatches reached their



DROSKI.

second horse to that in the shafts, and drive the couple tandem fashion. The horses are matched with regard to their strength and size, and no attention is paid to their colour. The postilion is generally a lad, who wears the national costume, and who sits either at the side or on the front of the carriage. The chief employment of these boys is to shout to the passengers in the streets as the vehicle whirls onward with inconceivable rapidity over the smooth ice, which completely deadens the sound of the wheels. The horse in the shafts is usually a powerful animal, but the other horse is designed for show rather than service, and rears and plunges like a horse in heraldry. The vehicle itself is light and elegant.

The teleka is a travelling carriage, duly licensed by the government, and altogether under government control. Especially in the winter time this is the usual mode of travelling. The general form of the sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. The better kinds of vehicles have three horses, the centre one of which is fixed to the shafts, while his two companions

place of destination, the bearer was unable to deliver them,—he lay a corpse in the carriage.

Less fatiguing than the journeys of these couriers, but still far from agreeable to the foreigner, is the travelling with post-horses, or by diligences. By the first mode he is very much at the mercy of chance. If he quits St. Petersburg provided with a good *padroschnik* (an official document to procure him post-horses), and if he finds no competition at the posting-houses, he gets on pretty well. But if he has not the paper in question, or if there happens to be a demand for, and consequent scarcity of, horses at the relaying places, he may abandon all calculation as to the probable progress of his journey, and resign himself to the will of Providence. Supposing him to have at last got his horses, and to have left the post-house far behind, he yet has no certainty when he may reach the next; for he may chance to fall in with a courier, or with an officer travelling on service, to whose horses some accident had happened, and who forthwith, and without the slightest ceremony, stops the luckless stranger, takes the cattle from

his carriage, harnesses them to his own, and gallops off perfectly indifferent as to the fate of the man whom he thus leaves

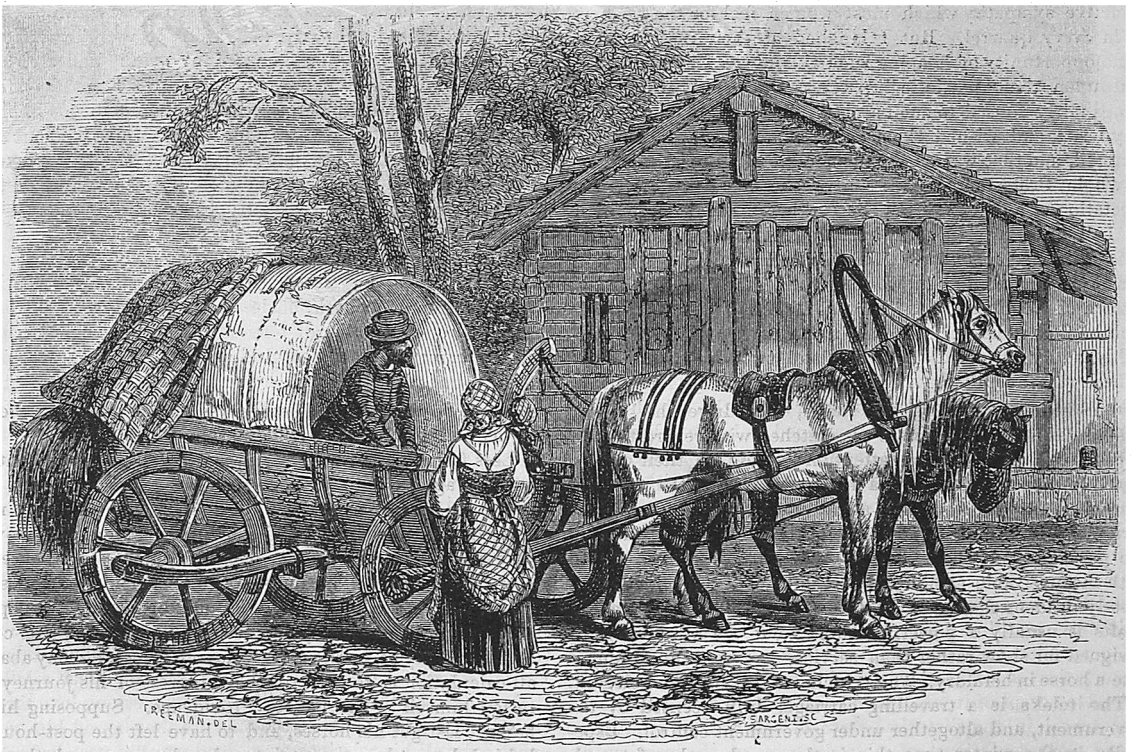
thank, for his safety, the quick ears of his postillion, who hearing his cry of distress, pulls up and waits until he can



TELEKA.

horseless and helpless upon the emperor's highway. The traveller by sledge—say even from Riga to St. Petersburg,

pick himself up out of the snow, into which (and out of the sledge) a sudden violent jolt has shot him.



KABITKA.

between which places the road is tolerably good—may deem himself fortunate if he does not get lost in the night; and may

The kabitka is less a carriage than a waggon. It is now used only for the carriage of goods. The trader who has to

transport his commodities—cloth or furs—to the fairs and various parts of the country, has no other means of conveyance. Hundreds of kabitkas are often seen slowly making their way along the great roads, paved with the trunks of trees, and conducted, by a few carriers. The men are at the same time the hawkers and carriers of all Russia; they halt in every village where they hope to meet with buyers, and travel all over the vast extent of those cold northern regions.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE IN '98.

PART I.

FIFTY-FOUR years have now elapsed since the Irish rebellion in 1798, and though at that time I made no inquiry into the merits of the quarrel, and knew little of the actors in it, and cared nothing either for them or their motives, I have reason to remember the hot summer of that eventful year, as if it were but yesterday. I was residing in my father's house, in Danierstreet, Dublin, and was an undergraduate of Trinity College, which I had entered in '97. In the city we heard little of the rebellion and its concomitant miseries, and I seldom speak a thought upon it, except when reminded of its existence by the sight of the various corps of yeomanry, which had been formed by the lawyers and other public bodies. Prisoners were occasionally dragged in by the military, and handed over to the tender mercies of Major Sirr, in the Castle, who dealt with them as to him might seem fitting. "Poor devils!" was the only exclamation either in pity, sympathy, or antipathy, which ever escaped me or my companions on meeting with them. Politics, I remember, I considered "confounded humbug;" and "uniting," as forming a connexion with any of the secret associations of the day was called, the height of folly; but a good dance at an evening party I looked upon as a very serious business, which ought to be attended to in an earnest spirit. My sisters were both older than myself, and were fully imbued with the half sentimental, half traitorous notions so ripe at the time, and watched every movement with painful anxiety, either from some vague feeling of romance, or the instinctive sympathy which most women feel for the weaker side in every quarrel. But I laughed at their notions, and lost no opportunity of heaping such ridicule as I had at command upon the "patriotic" party. Once only were my feelings fairly roused to such a pitch, that I cursed the rebels in my heart, and wished them every one hanged, drawn, and quartered, and that was on the memorable night in May, when the whole Protestant population of the city turned out in expectation of an attack from the south. I had been invited to a ball in Merrion-square, but in consequence of the alarm it was postponed *sine nocte*. *Hinc ille lachrymæ.*

I had an uncle living in Wicklow, about nine miles from the town of Rathdrum, upon a small landed property, most of which he farmed himself. He was an old man, and a widower, and his family consisted of one son and two daughters, who had been at school in the neighbourhood of London for nearly three years; but after their mother's death, which had occurred but recently, they had remained at home. Floating rumours of the beauty and accomplishments of my fair cousins had occasionally reached me through my sisters, with whom they corresponded. I remembered nothing of them myself, as I had not seen them for six years; but every one knows, and I knew too, what a difference six years make in a girl who has already reached fourteen. From listening to conversation about them, I at last began to join in it, and my interest was increasing day by day, when an invitation to spend the summer with them came from my uncle. Enamoured as I was of the joys of a city life, I felt strongly disposed to accept of it. Not so my father, who feared to allow me to travel in the disturbed state of the country; but his glowing representations of the dangers of the way only roused my ardour, and I was already, in imagination, a victor over hosts of "base lackey peasants," whom I fancied myself leading captive to Grana Hall, and presenting to my cousins as the first fruits of my valour. My uncle assured us that his neighbourhood was still very peaceable, and, with,

true Orange fervour, expressed his conviction, that if any disturbances *did* arise, the loyal yeomanry of the neighbourhood would put them down in a manner that would strike terror into the hearts of all evil-minded persons. Animated by these assurances, I redoubled my solicitations to my father for permission to set out; but when a letter from Lily, the younger of the two Misses Gilbert, expressed the warm desire which herself and her sister felt to see me, my importunity knew no bounds. I was not to be denied any longer. "Well, Charles," said my father, after a long controversy one evening, "go, if you will; but if you are shot or hanged, don't blame me. We had better, however, give you as good a chance as possible, and as my friend Captain Hudson is going down to the town of Wicklow, with a troop of dragoons, on Wednesday, I will drop him a note, and ask him to take you under his escort thus far."

Nothing could have pleased me better. The following day was spent in practising the broadsword exercise in a hay-loft over the stables; I had no need for practice in pistol firing; I could already shuff a candle at twelve paces. The night before my departure, I was charging, in dreams, in the ranks of the dragoons in a heady flight, scattering the rebel forces

"Like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,"

and was highly complimented by Captain Hudson.

The eventful morning came. My portmanteau was sent over early, and placed on the military baggage-cart. At breakfast I was too excited to eat much, and my attention was, at all events, distracted by the innumerable messages which my sisters charged me to deliver, and one-third of which I never did deliver, and cautions from my father as to how I was to demean myself on the way.

At last I started! I was mounted on a "bit of blood" from my father's stables, a little bay mare, which we called "the Lyanna," an Irish word meaning *pet*, or *darling*, and in truth I loved her as my life. She was small—in fact, rather below the middle size, long in the body, and rather hollow in the back, with short symmetrical limbs, broad, but compact, and by no means clumsy hoofs, and possessed great width of chest. But it was in her head that I delighted; it was the perfection of symmetry, and was surmounted by small, delicate, silky ears, that were ever in motion. Her two large dark eyes beamed with almost human gentleness and docility. She was at this time about six years old. I am thus particular in describing, because, as will be seen presently, she played a prominent and important part in my tale.

Captain Hudson was a man of about fifty years of age, thirty of which he had spent in the field, in every part of the world. His iron-grey hair and moustache, bronzed features, calm but piercing grey eye, tall, erect, and sinewy frame, and a deep scar on his cheek, made him in appearance the *beau-ideal* of a veteran soldier of fortune. He had commenced his military career in the East Indies, and the only sparks of enthusiasm or deep feeling I ever noticed in his conversation, although he was a constant visitor at my father's house, was when he recounted the exploits of Clive, that marvellous man whose wondrous genius and daring made a handful of European soldiers more than a match for countless hosts of the fiercest chivalry of the East. From India he had passed to America, and was there engaged during the whole of the war of independence, often wounded, twice made prisoner, and suffering at times incredible hardships from cold, hunger, and fatigue, but enduring all with a sort of phlegmatic indifference, as if the worst misfortune that could befall him was incidental to his profession, and consequently not to be complained of. He had received a collegiate education, and had been a fellow-student of my father's, and still retained a strong love for the Greek and Roman classics, the only tie that bound him to his youth; for all his relatives were dead many a year before his return to Europe. He had been very successful while at the university, and still devoted his leisure hours to study.

On arriving in Rathdrum we stopped for the night. The captain and I put up at the hotel, and the dragoons were billeted in various houses through the town. On the following